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TWO LIVES.

BY GEORGE W. BAKER.

They sat with their small white feet in the brook.

Two country maidens of lovely race,

And they chatted the dreamy hours away

With girlish plans for the year to come.

And she with the eyes of a sparkling sea

Would be content as a farmer's wife.

To share the golden harvest and the fruit

For the quiet of country life.

Then blushed, with her laughing eyes of blue,

And the girlish dream of sunny life

That rippled and danced in the golden hue

Of her brown and neck, and shoulder bare.

And I," she said, "will live in the town.

With luxury to go and come at will;

And I should be proud to wear a crown

Of queen of beauty at noon or night.

"My husband shall be a millionaire!"

Alas, poorly you guess the fortune of life.

Oh, you, with your bright eyes and nose,

Shall fall the lot of a farmer's wife.

And you, with your eyes of a sparkling sea,

Shall live in the town, with luxury and ease.

Her face shall gleam with gold and pearls,

Her table with plate and costly ware.

But she shall live in the town, with luxury and ease.

And you, with your eyes of a sparkling sea,

Shall live in the town, with luxury and ease.

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THE FINGERPRINT.

A correspondent writes from Mazatlan:

One of the peculiar products of the

society of this country is the *plagiario*

or kidnapper. The abduction of his life

is to abduct some wealthy personage, and

hold the victim in safe-keeping until

ransomed by a large sum of money. The

plagiario is not particular whether his

game is a man, woman or child, so that

gold in abundance is one of the posses-

sions of the abducted. There have been

some extraordinary cases of kidnapping,

the latest among them being that of a

Mrs. Charles, a Frenchwoman, who, a

short time ago, went on a visit with her

husband and other friends, to the resi-

dence of a Mr. Polak, at a place called

Molino de Flores, near Otumba. Mr.

Charles and the other visitors had just

gone out to take a look at things about

the house, when nine bandits entered and

boldly seized Mrs. Charles, whom they

carried off as unconsciously as if she

belonged to them body and soul. The

lady yelled for help and screamed in

agony, but not until it was too late. Im-

mediately chase was given, but without

avail, for the *plagiario* were well mount-

ed on foot horses, and having an accurate

knowledge of the most impassable fast-

nesses, made their way to them. The

next step will be a note addressed to her

husband or friends, in which will be

stated, in the most polite terms, the con-

ditions upon which the lady will be re-

turned to her lord and master. Women

captured in this way are seldom injured,

but it may be imagined that they suffer

torture enough in mind.

A Boston Note.

The rumor reached us of an amusing

incident that happened in a up town

church last Sunday. It appears that the

house was crowded to an unusual extent

that day, and one of the deacons was no-

ticeably happy over the thought that the

collection would be very large. The

thought worried him very much, and

faint visions of a heaping plate engrossed

his mind to such an extent that he heard

but little of the sermon, and moved his

pious form about in the seat with

nervous anxiety for the time of taking

up the collection to approach. At last

the waiting came—the organ pealed

forth its rich notes, and the building

trembled with the sound. Every deacon

rose to his feet promptly, with bright

shining silver plates, and among them

was the obese church official before al-
luded to. He thought to effect a de-
monstration, and with great difficulty
ran his hand down into his breeches
pocket, abstracting therefrom what he
thought was a silver half dollar, which
he placed in the plate, and commenced
his rounds of collecting. He noticed that
every one who passed the plate to him
knew what it meant. Finally, an old
brother in the corner noticed the case
of meretriciousness, and bringing his
heads very close together, he whispered
to the deacon: "Brother, I think you
made a mistake as to the deacon you
put into the plate. The deacon glanced
at the plate, and turned red and pale
anxiously, for he saw there a large white
sawdust check, which his embarrassment
magnified into the size of a saucer. It
is needless to say that the obnoxious
thing was put out of sight in a hurry,
and the prevailing opinion is that Brother
—had been cursing the tiger the
Saturday night previous.—Exchange.

Fifteen years ago a Rock Island con-

stable made the following return on the

back of a subpoena: "I executed this

subpoena by trying to read it to John

Black, but he was driven cattle on horse-

back, and ran faster than I could, and

kept up such a hell of a holler that I don't

know whether he heard me or not. This</